

In the World of Social Activity

Autumn Doing Among Prominent Leaders of the Season's Gaiety.

PARTIES, WEDDINGS AND TEAS

The Gamut of the Week's Events Sound in Short Paragraphs—Guests and Entertainers—Personal Mention Reduced to a Compact Compass.

Society during the week past has been occupied principally with weddings, and the same condition will probably feature the doings of next week. Of parties, dinners or other social events there have been few, nor will the frivolous world take on its wonted pleasures until probably the middle of November.

What promises to be the most elaborate and one of the most prominent weddings of the season will be that of Miss Mary Geraldine Schroeder to Percival John Hart, on Tuesday evening in St. Peter's cathedral. The bridal party will number twenty persons. The church invitation list is large and the ceremony will be followed by a reception and supper at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Schroeder, in Green Ridge.

Miss Cecilia Schroeder will be maid of honor, and Frederick Tropp will attend the groom. The bridesmaids will be Misses Gertrude Morris, Phillipine Tropp, Mame O'Malley, Emma Lillian Hart, Morris and Frederick Tropp, Beatrice and Trystine Morris and Charlotte Schroeder, sisters of the groom and bride, will be the flower girls, and William Watkins, Peckley, William Watkins, Peckley, Eugene Davis, George Rogers and Samuel Derman, ushers. The master of ceremonies will be Edward Thayer.

It is justly said that love of flowers is an evidence of native refinement, whatever may be the result of final human vent. This is not to be taken as a slur on the entire of the world, but it is true that various social events in this city are prominently featured by lavish floral decorations and display. The party for the future cannot be gained, provided one has the financial means to employ it. This comment does not apply to funerals; people are unwilling to learn that they are to be buried in a casket of flowers, but promiscuous givers and promiscuously given are bad form. A small bunch, and not a huge bouquet, of roses is much more appropriate than the huge and out of place "gates ajar," and that sort of thing. It is an assumption to indicate by a gift what the disposition of the deceased's soul is to be, and the flowers and similes convey more properly a sentiment than a set piece mountain high.

Speaking of flowers, what could be in better taste than the decorations described at a recent house wedding in this city. The lower floor of the house was exquisitely decorated by Clark. The front parlor contained palms, smilax and white roses, and the back parlor was banked with palms and pink roses, tastefully arranged. The dining room and the kitchen were decorated with white roses and maidenhair ferns, and the hallways festooned with smilax and banked with ferns.

Miss M. Carpenter, of this city, and George Sadie Milham, of Wilkes-Barre, were married at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. A. J. Sturdevant, 99 Public Square, Wilkes-Barre, Wednesday evening in the presence of about forty invited by Rev. Benjamin Miller, the venerable grandfather of the groom, who is 85 years old, assisted by Rev. Dr. Boyle, of the First Methodist Episcopal church. The bride was attired in a white silk with pearl trimmings and was attended by her bridesmaids, Gertrude M. Butts. The happy couple left on a late train for New York city, whence they will sail on Saturday for Europe on an extended tour. On their return they will be met in this city, where Mr. Carpenter is manager of the Standard Dairy company. Among the out of town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Carpenter, of the groom's home, Waverly, Pa.; William Milham, father of the bride, and M. J. Milham, brother of the bride, Mehoopany, Pa.; James Milham, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Edwin Hess, Bethlehem; Misses May and Anna Bond, Meshoppen; Miss Katharine Tripp and Mrs. and Miss Purdy Fort; Dr. and Mrs. Ward, Miss Emma Butts and Miss Anna Stewart, Scranton.

The week just closed witnessed two prominent weddings in that of Miss Kate Jay, daughter of Douglas Jay, to Rollo G. Jernyn, at the home of the bride's sister, 1021 Vine street, and that of Miss Leona Seelye to Richard Osland in St. Luke's church. Each was completed in a splendid manner in their application to house or church, except that the Jay-Jernyn affair contained no bridesmaids.

Society people generally and particularly society women, are always interested in sweet charity. No late event has offered a greater opportunity for patronage and consequent encouragement than the concert to be given Monday night at the Frothingham for the benefit of St. Luke's Free Kindergarten fund. "Jane" was on at the attached to the affair. It merits a generous attendance on the strength of the artists engaged and the strictly classical numbers offered. Miss Lillian Blauvelt, of New York, John T. Watkins, George Carter, Miss Draeger and Mr. Wooler, need no introduction or comment in Scranton. They have made their reputation in the past by the commendable object in view will no doubt be accorded a welcome conspicuous for numbers and warm-heartedness.

The theaters, the people and the result offer a good three-cornered example of the fickleness of human nature. The people have demanded first-class attractions at the playhouses, the demand was supplied during the week and the result is not satisfactory. "Charles' Aunt" and "Men and Women," four of the greatest successes of metropolitan theaters, were the attractions of the week. With the possible exception of "1429" the companies played to houses composed partly of empty chairs and audience, and in each case the spectators had tender hands, at least they refrained from much hearty applause. "Jane" on at the Frothingham this afternoon. It is impossible to anticipate what reception will be accorded this one of the most rollicking, quaint and trust comedies of recent years.

The first social of the season under the auspices of the Scranton Bicycle club will be held at one of the cottages at the lake shore. The excursion party will include Miss Katharine Parker, Miss Jeanie Torry, Miss Margaret Torry, Miss Bessie Rice and Messrs. Hubert Wightman, H. B. Cox, Edward Ward and William Perry.

The marriage of Miss Margaret McKay, daughter of William McKay, to E. F. Fuller, of the Delaware and Hud-

Dr. Parry's Visit Stimulates Music

Renewed Activity Manifested Among the Welshmen of America.

PLEA FOR NATIONAL MUSIC

Programme of the Fifty-Third Season of the Philharmonic Society of New York—What the Local Musicians Are Saying and Doing.

The prospectus of the fifty-third season of the Philharmonic Society of New York has been issued. The performances this season will consist of six evening concerts, preceded by six afternoon public rehearsals, under the direction of Anton Seidl. The orchestra will number 100. There is a notable list of soloists. The great Belgian violinist, Eug. Ysaÿe, will make his first appearance in America at the first public rehearsal and concert, on Nov. 16 and 17. The highly successful American composer and pianist, E. A. MacDowell, and the favorite prima donna soprano, Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, will be the soloists at the second public rehearsal and concert. At the third rehearsal and concert, the distinguished virtuoso, Caesar Thomson, will make his debut at the Philharmonic society with the "Concerto-Pathétique" in F sharp minor, op. 25, of Ernst Schumann, and his prominent soloist for their appearance at the remaining concerts of the season are pending.

Dr. Joseph Parry's visit to this country, brief though it was, was nevertheless sufficient, in the opinion of the many who have heard him, to have renewed interest in music among the Welsh people. "His lecture in behalf of national music for Wales struck a popular chord," says the Record, "and the many suggestions offered looking to some substantial improvement in congregational singing certainly were very interesting and are bound to be followed by great good." Dr. Parry is easily the best musician of the principally and has done more to place the divine art on a high plane and give it standing and prestige abroad than any other composer or conductor. He stands for profound music according to the strict rules of harmonic and contrapuntal writing and his tone pictures are of a high order. When he discusses music all should listen for it is a past master of the art and is bound to say something worth hearing. It is a pleasure to hear him, and it is music which reflects vividly the life and social condition of his country, is timely and is fortified by the very best of argument. That kind of music, that is, music which reflects vividly the life and social condition of his country, is timely and is fortified by the very best of argument. That kind of music, that is, music which reflects vividly the life and social condition of his country, is timely and is fortified by the very best of argument.

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IN LOCAL THEATERS.

That bright and sparkling comedy, "Jane," will be presented at the Frothingham on Monday night. The management of Gustave Frohman, it is one of the most successful and funniest of the Frothingham comedies. The incidents of "Jane" are not taken from real life, and several of its situations have been utilized in other comedies, but never to such a successful advantage. The character of Jane is that of a calculating and shrewd English housemaid, who pretends to be her master's wife, so as to deceive the trustee of an estate conditionally paying money to the master in question. The cast is in every way a competent one, and includes among its members those who have made the play famous.

Tuesday night at the Academy of Music will be presented the grand scenic drama, "The Limited Mail," which will be a play about in comedy and drama, with a very large cast. The play is one of the most important in this section of the state. Many of the very largest and most successful are without orchestras capable of interpreting the highest forms of instrumental music, and that so supreme an acquisition to our only life is sought to be rendered in its entirety. It is in this section of the country is, indeed, a musical center as important and progressive as any outside of New York, Boston and one or two of the western cities.

The orchestra, as previously announced, is to be made up mainly of the best players in both Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, and as most of them have been heard in solo work and in string quartets there is abundant assurance of the high quality of the music. Mr. Hemberger, a violinist of the first order, a musician of broad culture and of high executive ability, and application. Of course the success of the orchestra will depend a great deal upon his conduct, his style and his ability to lead. It is to be expected that he will inspire the respect and confidence of all, and that his words the artistic capacity to lead must be supplemented by a strong moral influence that will bring out the highest and best expression of all guided by his baton. We understand Mr. Hemberger is not wanting in this respect, and hence the confidence expressed that his orchestra promises to be a very important factor in all musical matters henceforth, and that it has come to stay.

The Sacred Music society held its first meeting for the season this week over the Fair store at the foot of Wyoming avenue, which will hereafter be known as Conservatory hall. There were a large attendance and the society entered upon the winter campaign with enthusiasm.

Rehearsals of "Rose Maiden" are progressing finely under Mr. Lindsay's leadership at the regular meetings of the Scranton Oratorio society. The "Rose Maiden" was selected for first performance on account of its simplicity and beauty. Music of a more substantial order will be taken up as the class advances.

Organist George Noyes Rockwell, of the Second Presbyterian church, is enjoying a week's vacation visiting friends in the city. He will return in time to preside at the new organ which is being placed in the Second church, and it is expected will be ready for use in a few days.

Miss Agnes Scott, of Montrose, is

Joey Chamberlain Offers Us Taffy

Says England's House of Lords Should Copy Our Senate.

LORD ROSEBERY AS A SPORT

Novelties at the Theaters on the Other Side—Irving Will be a Woman Who Was Very Fond of Cats.

London, Oct. 1.—The Earl of Rosebery has been presented with another "burgh" freedom. The town to trust this honor upon him was Dornock, of course, the affable premier made a speech, a speech in treated more as a member of that compact, glittered concert organization known as the New York Celebrities.

The Frothingham White orchestra, which is composed entirely of young ladies from the Boston musical schools, is attracting much attention in the city. The orchestra is composed of the following talented young soloists: Miss Nellie B. Chandler, conductor; Ella Mouser, first violin; Zita McDonough, second violin and viola; Florence Dowell, and the favorite prima donna soprano, Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, will be the soloists at the second public rehearsal and concert. At the third rehearsal and concert, the distinguished virtuoso, Caesar Thomson, will make his debut at the Philharmonic society with the "Concerto-Pathétique" in F sharp minor, op. 25, of Ernst Schumann, and his prominent soloist for their appearance at the remaining concerts of the season are pending.

Director Tallie Morgan has received an urgent request to accompany Evangelist Schwilke and to take sole charge of the musical exercises of the gospel meetings. Mr. Morgan's present engagements, however, are such that he cannot accept the acceptance of the most tempting offer.

The Epworth league chorus of the Wilkes-Barre Episcopal church has been in contact with the "Story of the Cross," in the near future in conjunction with the church choir under leadership of Mr. Carter. The chorus began rehearsals last evening under direction of Ed Whitmore.

Miss Susie Black, of Nicholson, gives promise of becoming one of the leading sopranos of this city weekly to receive vocal instruction from Mrs. Kate Wilcox, who is highly elated at the progress her pupil has been recently making.

Mrs. C. R. Parke, an accomplished soprano well known in this vicinity, will sing at the choir of the First Presbyterian church.

John T. Watkins, the baritone, will be one of the soloists at the Blauvelt recital at the Frothingham on Monday evening.

Charles F. Whitmore, musical director of the Epworth league, has returned from a sojourn at Atlantic City.

A movement is on foot to organize a Lyric club, which will meet weekly in Conservatory hall.

SHARPS AND FLATS: Dr. Dvorak's work promised to be a deep, full of melody, and one which, as we are often told, is going down hill!

It is now said by a Leipzig paper that the composer, "tell Dr. Hanslick not to criticize my music so severely."

The cheque of £100 sent by Mr. Gladstone to the Irish party has been returned to him, owing to the amount of the cheque being less than the amount of the best interest of the party.

As was to be expected, the rumor that Masagni had been engaged to come to New York before he returned to his native land has proved a mere fabrication. He has written a friend in Berlin that he "never thought of it."

Anton Bruckner is at work on his ninth symphony, of which he has already completed the first movement. It is a native personal character was amusingly illustrated some time ago when the Austrian composer, "tell Dr. Hanslick not to criticize my music so severely."

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An old maid has just died and her will proves that she has not forgotten Lord Randolph Churchill or her pussy cats. She has left "Handy" an estate in Oxfordshire in recognition of his "commanding political genius" and also in acknowledgment to the Marborough family for the Marborough estates by her late father. She gives her pussies, Titiens, Tabby Rolla, Tabby Jenneffe and Ursula, to Ann Elizabeth Matthews, and directs her executors to buy her a year for each cat as long as said pussies live. Other midnight choristers are bequeathed to other people with the £12 a year added to each. "I have never had any cats," says Mr. Matthews, "and I do not intend to have any."

New pieces are coming out at the theaters with wonderful rapidity. First and foremost is a new sketch produced by Henry Irving, called "The Story of the Taffy." It is an act character sketch of Dr. Conan Doyle. There is little in the fragment, the main object being to give Irving a chance of showing how much he can do with a character study. He represents an old soldier on the verge of the grave, whose remaining memories are centered on the famous battle of Waterloo. The sketch is a masterpiece of warlike puzzle him dreadfully, and he will believe no good of them. He dies as his niece—passed from her father's hand, and becomes the affianced bride of a bright young soldier. The old man rises excitedly from his chair, crying, "The sword was not powder, and by God they shall have it!" and falls dead. Irving received a tremendous reception for his fine rendering of the part.

Arthur Roberts has produced another variety piece of the "Gaiety Girl" order. The piece is just Arthur all through, albeit Arthur in a new disguise every time he comes on the stage. Mr. Beerbohm Tree and company have been distinctly honored by her Majesty at Balmoral castle. The royal command was received on Friday evening whilst the queen was at Balmoral. The sketch was painted on the Saturday, and the company gave two performances in beautiful Edinburgh on the Monday before the queen's departure. The queen, and left Balmoral on a 10-mile drive at 1.45 a. m. Holyhead was reached at 2.55 and Dublin at 7.10. The entire company appeared at the theater at 8.30 and were enthusiastically received. It was a smart performance, Mr. Tree will appear at Abbey's theater, New York, early next year.

The world is always interested in the case of a conspiracy; yet its prevention is of far more importance. The "Story of the Taffy" is guaranteed to cure coughs and colds. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

THIS FATHER'S SUMMONS.

BY A. T. R.

THE WARD AND THE GREGORYS.

The Wards and the Gregorys, of the little town of Weston, O., had been neighbors for years and the affections between the two families were of the closest and dearest kind. When the elder Ward was elected county judge there was great rejoicing in the house of the Gregorys. Just so great a pleasure was evinced by the Wards when the head of the Gregory family was chosen by the people to represent them in congress. The close bonds of friendship were never ruptured.

George, the only son of Judge Ward, went to New York, prospered, married and finally became the head of a flourishing trust company. Old Gregory's son, John, however, acquired a good law practice in Weston and always lived there. He annually visited his old chum, George Ward, at the latter's paternal New York home. A faithful correspondence was always maintained between the two.

One day Ward learned of his father's death by a telegram from young Gregory. The sad news was not unexpected, as the old judge had had two paralytic attacks in a short time. The telegram was received and read by the financier's amanuensis on Monday morning. It said the funeral would occur Wednesday at 11 o'clock. Ward hastily thrust the message—unread—into his pocket and rushed uptown to inform his wife. They hurried to the depot in a cab, just catching the train for the west.

Just as the train was about to start, Ward scribbled off and sent from the first stop:

"John Gregory, Weston, O."
"Am coming; 11 o'clock train, Pennsylvania railroad. Draw on me any amount, George."
Then came time for sober reflection and thought. It occurred to him that his earlier years he had caused his old father, now dead, any anxiety; he remembered the kindly advice the judge had given him on going out into the world. In fact, he remembered many things, which escaped him in the rush to catch the train, were thought of and gone over between the two.

"George, dear," said the wife said, "where is the message?"
There was a moment's silence as Ward fished and poked his fingers through numerous pockets, bringing forth the unread yellowed paper. Ward read it once, twice, then said slowly:

"Why, George, this seems a very strange business. I don't recall it. My father died last night, suddenly; apoplexy. Funeral Wednesday, 11 o'clock, father." Now why did he only say "father"? Why didn't he say "your father"? Also, the content of the message is dead after all!"

Ward took the message from his wife's hand, studied its meaning carefully and then remarked: "Well, it's this way. You know John is a countryman and has done as they all do in sending a wire. He used all the words possible in the ten-word limit and to have it read, your wife would have been a flagrant breach of country custom. No, there's no use building false hopes on the wording. It is my father who is dead!"

Mrs. Ward said something about a "rather elastic meaning" and they settled back into their seats to impatiently await the journey's end. Late that night Sunday morning, the judge and they retired at the hotel. A train left the next morning for Weston.

Mrs. Ward arose early and set out to have a mourning bonnet made before train time. Her attention was attracted by the hotel office, was greeted by Frank Dobson, a friend of his boyhood.

"What's on earth brings you out here at this time of the year?" exclaimed Dobson. "You look as melancholy as an owl, too."
"My father died Sunday night," sadly replied Ward. "I'm on for the funeral."

"What! Well, that's too bad. Sunday night, eh? Quies I didn't hear of it. I left Weston Monday morning. The judge was fine old man and I sympathize with you deeply."
Ward was then espied by Mr. Cameron, postmaster at Weston, who came along with his wife to see her to the train. He was on his way home from Lake O—

"I suppose the judge will be tickled to death to see you. Taking him by surprise."
"Father died Sunday night. I received word just in time to come on for the funeral."
"Judge Ward dead!" exclaimed the postmaster. "He must have died very suddenly, for when I left home Sunday I had not heard of his illness. How did you learn of it?"

"John Gregory wired me early Monday morning. Father died suddenly—apoplexy. Here's the message," bringing forth the queerly worded telegram.

The postmaster took it and gave a perceptible start. He started to make a peculiar construction. A perplexed frown wrinkled his forehead as he studied it a second time.

"By jove," he finally exclaimed, emphasizing the exclamation by a heavy expressive slap on his knee. "Your father ain't dead. This means old man Gregory."

"W—w—hat—" commenced the astonished Ward.
"I know it. Dr. Scudder was hastily called in to see him the morning I left. The men at the station had heard of it and were talking it up."
Ward's expression was a study. His face turned pink and white alternately. Could it be true, he thought, after all his father was alive and his old neighbor the substantial John Gregory? Then, too, he recalled the misgiving of Mrs. Ward aboard the train, and here come Dobson and the postmaster recently from Weston in entire ignorance of his father's illness. Phaw! he had been a nunny.

"Upon my word, I believe you are right," he said to Rawley. "My wife called my attention to the telegram reading 'father'—not 'your father.' It shows there is something in a woman's intuitiveness—and I ridiculed the idea. To say the least, I've been a fool."
Ward rushed away, almost crazy in his excitement, to find his wife and stop the purchase of the bonnet. Her husband was usually so calm and imperturbable. Mrs. Ward thought she had gone draft, as, bursting into the little millinery, he exclaimed:

"Here, don't buy that bonnet! Father isn't dead! It's old man Gregory who's dead! Why, George, what! How did it all happen?" she gasped. She was not quite sure of Mr. Ward's reason.

"It's this way. You were right about the telegram. It was John who is dead." He then explained to her how he had received the information.

"Well, I am—"
"Never mind now—pay your bill and let's get out. We must hurry for our train. I ought to come this far for old Gregory's funeral, anyhow."
When they reached Weston, John Gregory was awaiting them with a conveyance. After a change of greeting and some directions about the luggage, the carriage was driven from the station. Then came an opportunity for professed sympathy and condolences.

"John," said Ward, "it was very sad—the old man dying so suddenly. Was he conscious long?"
"Oh, he was apparently well on retiring, but your mother was awakened—"
"My mother was awakened?" stammered and queried Ward.
"Why, yes—by his groaning, and before the doctor could reach him your father died."

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 15.

Augustus Pitou's Grand Scenic Drama, THE POWER OF THE PRESS. A story of fine dramatic worth, a company of acknowledged ability.

6 ACTS. The Athletic Club, The Ship Yard, The Dock Scene, The Ship Mary Vale, The Warden's Office, Sing-Along, and other Realistic Scenes.

150 nights in New York City. Sale of Seats Opens Friday, Oct. 12.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16.

5th. Comedienne Season. ELMER B. VANCE'S Original Railroad Comedy Drama.

THE LIMITED MAIL.

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